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Latin School Register

VOL. LXII

NOVEMBER

No. 1



1942

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CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!

"The French," Tim ventured, "are funny that way." The light waned and flickered; pipe-smoke hung motionless and thinning. "The French," Tim bent to warm his hands, "like to put the blame on the woman in the case. And where there isn't a woman handy—"

"Then they'll blame the British," someone broke in.

Tim grinned. "No, that isn't what I meant. In that case, they'll use their imagination—but good."

"Got a story to go with that, Tim?"

Tim laughed. "Naturally."

I

The first I heard that André was dead, Tim began, was at the town gate. They told me the funeral was even then going on at the Cimetière du Saint Christophe, and I dragged my cart and poor old horse there as fast as I could go. But the procession was gone by the time I got there, breathless and trembling, and I was alone in front of the little stone . . . forgot even to pull my cap off. . . . It was small and white—pure, like André's soul—it went "André-Louis Davie, le petit. A l'âge de vingt." Then a cross. Then, in small letters, "il est mort en aidant une petite." That made me wonder.

Dead at 20, still "le petit" for all his handsome six feet and broad back and wide smile, how did it come about that he met his death giving aid to a young girl? The Davies were my friends (hélas, the only friends left to me in all France, now); best man when Phillipe wed Marie, I was . . . the first to lift their little André-Louis to saddle . . . the first to lead him to the shores of Brittany, and tell him of the tight little isle t' other side the sea . . . the first to show him Londontown and the Thames and



the green meadows . . . and yet the last to hear that "il est mort en aidant une petite." Si jeune, si bon . . . c'est dommage!

Well, I cried a little there in the cemetery, I guess; kissed the stone and whispered (the way I used to when he was just a little tot), "Attends-moi, André, je serai de retour; sois sage, mon petit." Then I left.

I didn't exactly think of it again, not until I met Raoul a few days afterwards. I was obsessed with the dull pain of a vague tragedy, but it hurt so much I couldn't bring my mind to it. . . . I wasn't happy, no; I'm sure I wasn't happy.

I met Raoul on the Rue Dauphine, and we went to an inn. With his long thin nose and wispy little mustache, Raoul was always ready to talk. And he was fairly twitching to tell me of

André's misfortune. ". . . n'avez-vous pas encore entendu dire de sa mort? Ah, c'est la vie . . . mais si jeune . . . voilà un brave . . . tenez, je vous dirai tout." And with great gusto Raoul proceeded to give me the works. . . .

"On Monday last André-Louis had his twentieth celebration, and all the town-folk—ma foi, all of Brittany, it seemed—gathered to pay their honors. He was magnificent, the tall, handsome one—how his eyes sparkled! And when it came time for Papa Davie to announce the great gift, how we cheered, that André-Louis should take his land's finest yields to the great fair at Nantes! C'est (here Raoul, for the first time, looked genuinely unhappy) l'erreur fatale.

"André-Louis didn't reach Nantes. (Slyly, now, spoke Raoul:) bien entendu, mon ami, I cannot be sure of the details, mais ce sont les faits générales. The way is long and difficult to Nantes, but le petit was gay. Only he became weary from the stinging dust and searing heat, he must have been thirsty, too; oui, and hungry. And still he could not sight the spires of Nantes. Never had he made such a long journey (mon Dieu, I would not find the strength myself), and he must have been very nervous when he came to the crossroads (you know the place well, there on the highroad from Guichen). André didn't know the way—he couldn't have. And he was nervous . . . dusty . . . tired. I can see him now, casting an angered oath and swearing to take whatever way he pleased. He chose the road to his right and hurried on.

"Soon the crossroads was far behind. The sun was at his back now; there was a breeze. . . . Le petit (I would be sure of it) began to whistle. His eager eyes were keeping sharp watch . . . and so it happened that he saw the plodding beggar girl stumbling along the road. André-Louis surely would have given her a sou or two, had not first the car of un riche

drawn up beside her. In rustic deference our lad was lowering his locks to the fellows at the window when he heard the feeble screams of the wretched maid. And pulling by to see the trouble (Raoul was sarcastic here, and bitter, too), he wondered to find le riche dragging the grimy girl into the car with him. Reaching out her hand in entreaty, the waif begged André's aid—and what kind of a Breton lad would he have been not to answer that call?

"Springing to the child's help, strong André wrenched her from his hands, and would have turned back to his horse, had not the angered fellow stopped him. He was a wicked man . . . a terribly wicked, hard man. He pondered a moment. And then with his hand he slapped André (on his right cheek, they say), and he hissed 'Lache!' André-Louis went wild. He pounced upon the fellow like a beast gone mad. In an instant, even under the several men's tired eyes, and the beggar girl's wretched tears, André had a bullet through his heart and was left in a welter of blood not ten yards from his horses and wagon . . . he had been so proud of them."

Raoul had reached a passionate height of bitter malice, and then he had uttered the last few words in sobs and tears. He could be powerful, that Raoul, with a good whiskey in him; but now, come back to his rational senses, he saw the people staring at him, and not a few scornful looks from the chubby bourgeois in their long, fur-lined coats. Raoul tried to make amends. Wistfully, now: "It is really too bad, you know . . . such an innocent thing, that girl." Raoul raised some strength in his voice: "She killed him, you know, really; if he hadn't stopped . . . it was her fault that he died."

I rose. I patted Raoul's arm. "I know, Raoul." Tearfully, now, "il est mort en aidant une petite."

(Continued on Page 23)

PORTRAIT OF A FRESHMAN . . .

It wasn't too long ago, although it seems to us now as if it were the Middle Ages, when all of us first made plans for graduating into the "summa summorum," high school. Remember? Those were the days when the correct young man wore navy-blue knickers and sloppy socks. The knickers have now been outgrown, while the sloppy socks have somehow managed to remain with us. Those were the days when we knew little and cared less concerning a certain fanatic of Central Europe. Yes, those were the days. . . .

"English!"

"Latin!"

"English! Please!"

"Latin! Quiet!"

"No?"

"Positively!"

Father's mind was, to say the least, determined. After all, Latin was merely a place for bookworms, while English was where all the fellows had decided to go. To argue with father, however, would be about as effective as an Eskimo with a lawn-mower. *Constitutum erat.*

Unknown to him, the worst was yet to come. After having assumed a numbed expression, (similar to the one you acquire when some clever lad whacks you on the back and chirps, "Too bad, Joe, the old man gave you only a forty-nine, huh?") the unholy truth was, at last, revealed. My application had already been mailed to English with parents' names "borrowed." . . . Well, father's razor-strap had to break eventually, anyway.

(The scene now shifts to English High, on the morning of September the eighth.)

After a hectic morning of complaining and detaining, my "passport" to B.L.S. had been, despite my muttering

and shoe-shuffling, officially o-kayed. I felt about as big as a grain of sand on Revere Beach (and probably looked it) as I walked up Latin's endless marble steps to find the front door open. That eventful first step had been taken. I was now in the world of the Athenians, and armed not even with an Athenian sword.

I shuffled around for myself and finally was herded with a few other starry-eyed sheep into a two-by-four equipped with a table. Yep! The man was asking them how much Latin they knew! With fear in my heart and a rabbit's foot in my pocket, I approached Mr. Gardner.

"Decline *Caesar*," he requested.

"C-C-pardon me, slight cold." (Time out for a big "ha-roomph.") CAE-sar, Cae-SA-ris, Cae-SA-ri, Cae-SA-rem, Cae-SA-re." Silence then, "And you had Mr. Thomas for a teacher?" Well I had only myself to blame. I should have known better. I could feel at least forty evil eyes riveted on me as he said these words.

Perhaps Mr. Gardner saw use of a good waste-paper-basket-emptier in Cell 222, for it was to that place that I was finally assigned. There I felt just as much "at home" as Ulysses S. Grant would have felt at a Savannah tea.

"Late arrival?"

"Er-yes, Mr.—er—er"

"Sir."

Such an odd name, I thought. Mr. Sir. Later we met our respective subject-masters. Each gave us the usual, "Now, when I was a student here . . ." The climax of the entire morning came during the home-room period. At this time we received the delightful news (probably hastened on to us because of a few too well-aimed board-erasers) that "only

three out of every ten boys will make the grade—with a little luck.”

Can anything too strong be said against this “advice” to incoming “greenies”? Have a heart, gentlemen!

* * *

To any too-patient freshmen who have stumbled along this far, let me say this. For the first few months here you will feel completely lost, perhaps to the extent of wandering about slightly “punch-drunk”; however, take consolation. There have been generations of knicker-clad innocents preceding you, who have suffered the same agonies. If your marks, by chance, do happen to fall off, you’re not lied, by any means! Fella, you’re

just started! If school-work gives you an uppercut, give it two body-blows back, in return for each received. Above all, don’t be a slacker! Don’t let anyone give you any tall yarn about “never takin’ a book home.” He probably does everything but take the print off the page.

You will hear much about “school-spirit” during your first year here, but will see little of it. It will take you some time to realize that ours is not a placard-waving, flag-flapping “school-spirit”, but one that is **UNIQUE**—unique, yes, in that our love, yours and mine, for *Alma Mater* emanates not from the muscles, but directly from the heart.

JOHN P. McMORROW, '43

SEASONAL JOBS

SUMMER JOB

When summer's come
And winter's gone,
It's then I have
To mow the lawn.

FALL JOB

When fall comes back
And all is jake,
There'll merely be
Some leaves to rake.

WINTER JOB

When fall is gone
And ain't no mo'e,
I still shall have
To shovel snow.

SPRING JOB

When spring arrives,
It's just the “time”;
Then comes along
House-cleaning time!

WILLIAM F. HENNESSEY, '43

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SEPTEMBER 10

Today I went back to school.

I shall never have that thrill again. Next September there will be only memories.

Today I went back to school. And it was the warmest thing I have done in six years. It made up for many moments of anguish.

But I shall never have that thrill again.

Last night I went to sleep with my head at the foot of the bed, so that the sun would be shining in my eyes through the window at dawn. It is probably the world's most ingenious method for waking up early. But for the steenth time I merely turned over in my sleep and slumbered on.

When I awake, there is school in the air. The atmosphere is laden with the old thoughts.

On the maple chair in the corner is the blue sports jacket, the tan gabardine trousers, a spotted pair of underpants, conservative socks, a good-looking light blue shirt, an undershirt, and my father's new gray tie. The brown shoes, without a shine, hide under the chair.

From the next room Artie Shaw's strings strive manfully to make themselves heard above the din of breakfast's early stages. From the open window the cool air brushes my cheeks.

In the kitchen my mother challenges some one to take in the milk. The tinkle of the two bottles is pleasant, and I hear my father reading aloud the headlines from the morning paper.

My brother "Sonny" comes into the room. He goes to Harvard now, but he graduated from Latin in '41. "Back to the old grind, huh? Serves you right, loafer," he says. His voice is a little tight. He remembers a few things, I

guess. Next year it will be that way with me, too.

At the table my mother compliments herself for having bought the tan pants, my father casts wistful eyes upon the new gray tie, and my brother accuses me of pilfering the blue shirt from his drawer. "Now, Sonny," my mother attempts to keep the peace, "you know I bought it for the two of you."

We settle down to the scrambled eggs and toast. On the radio Shaw launches into "Copenhagen," and my father has the station changed. "Oh, Dad," I say vaguely.

It is damp outside, and I slip on a reversible. From my tin cocoa box in the second drawer of the desk I take thirty cents. The box seems suspiciously low in funds, and I wonder if my brother has been lately repairing to it for financial aid.

I leave the house at 9:12.

Ten minutes of ten I am at Latin School.

Coming into the building, I feel suddenly at home. It is a fine feeling.

I walk through the corridors. It is good to see all the fellows I know. We all have a markedly sophisticated air. We are not yet used to being Seniors.

I feel a flush of self-satisfaction when my last year's Math teacher stops to talk with me. Perhaps for the very first time in the school I begin to have a sense of importance.

Then I run into a flock of newcomers. At once I think back six years. It is so very easy to remember.

Their eager faces are turned upwards to catch all the wonders of this great new place. Their eyes are bright and shiny, but I can see that the lower lip trembles and the chin quivers. And I

understand how these children feel, as I have never understood anything before. It is so easy to put myself in their place.

I feel grown-up, very much so. I feel like taking these little ones by the hand and explaining everything to them. I feel an attachment to them. We have a great tie, these kids and I. How they must feel like crying! *Nothing to be frightened at, little fellas. You're lucky, the luckiest kids I know. You have six years to look forward to. With me, I can only look back on them.*

You have six years of growing-up and finding out things. That's a long time when you're just starting out, isn't it? Well, you'd be surprised how short it is. And the finer, the cleaner those years are, the shorter they'll be. Nice things are always short when you look back on them.

Nothing to worry about, sonny. I wish I were in your place, honest I do. I don't want to leave just yet. I don't want to begin forgetting all these things that are so sweet now. I don't want to forget all these guys I know, these fellas that are my best friends. I don't want to have to start out all over again,—new friends, new lessons, new teachers.

You should be happy, little guy. You've got the swellest things in the world in front of you. Don't horse around, try hard, and do everything the best way you know how—everything! Make friends, as many and as dear as

you can. In six years you'll be grown up. That's when you'll know what I mean. That's when you'll be thinking the same things I am. That's when you'll understand.

I stop in at my last year's home-room. The master is very cordial and treats me like an old friend.

In my new room I'm surprised how many of the fellows I know. We all talk quietly. Not so many boys are asking what the other one did during the summer as what he will do when the next one comes around. We all feel the same about it; we're all sad that this is the last September we'll spend together. It's very strange, you know; for five years you talk eagerly about getting out, and then you're unhappy when the time comes and you can. We're all great friends, now—we're all scared.

One of last year's graduates comes in and talks to the Master. He looks about wistfully, watching us. It's too bad. He isn't part of it any more. He's on the outside looking in.

We go through classes, and then we go home.

At the door Mother says, "Well, son, did you like school? Aren't you happy to be back again?"

"Not so very happy, Mom. Not so very. It was sort of different this time. I wasn't the same as I expected—September 10."

DANIEL RUDMAN, '43

RESULTS OF SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

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RETURN FROM GREECE

One morning a noise like thunder woke me. I had heard that noise before, booming! I'll never forget that day. The Nazis were invading Athens.

Later in the afternoon I saw a Nazi draw down the Greek flag from the sacred Acropolis and put up the German flag with the swastika on it.

From that day on, we saw death, hunger, cold, and Nazis. The Germans closed the schools, the hospitals, and most public places; to find food, one had to walk seven or more miles; for a cabbage he would pay two to three dollars—if he would find any. One loaf of bread cost thirty dollars.

One day two ugly Nazi officers came and took part of our house. At night

they got drunk and afterwards went to sleep. During the daytime they worked at a garage, which before they came had been a school.

On April 3 the Swiss consul told us we might go to America. After one month we boarded an Italian plane to South Italy. The trip with the plane took two and one-half hours. We paid our passage with one and one-half pounds of coffee.

From there we went to Rome, where we took the train to Lisbon. With many other Americans, we took the *Drotnig-holm*, a Swedish ship, to America. En route the captain sighted three subs. And now, once again, I am back in my native country.

DAVID A. YPHANTIS, Class 6.

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THE LOST GENERATION

In years past it was fashionable for editorialists to wax fervent and verbose about what they termed the "lost generation"; about the boys of the 20's and the 30's, to whom, it was so often said, "nothing was sacred"; the young men of those days that now seem so far off. We wondered then what would become of them, and of us, too, since we seemed to be destined to join their ranks.—And now we have our answer.

The answer is plain for all to see. It rides past us in the olive-drab trucks and troop-carriers everywhere in our land; it cries out from the Navy Yard, and from the grey destroyers and cruisers, stripped for action, heeling under the heavy off-shore swell, rounding Outer Brewster as they leave for the Atlantic Patrol! The words are clearly engraved on the rocks of the Harbor forts, and in the giant encampments of Devens and Edwards; they can even be read in the lines of men drawn up early some mornings—for those awake early enough to see—outside the induction centers and the recruiting stations. From the barren fields and wind-swept parade grounds of Ethan Allen to the balmy Gulf shores of Corpus Christi; from Pensacola to the Presidio; yes, from Ireland to Australia, the answer is written in letters bold and clear. Today the world may know the fate of the decadent wastrels of the democracies; those who laughed, nay, who sneered, at our night-clubs and our Bonus Army, our bootleggers and our play-boys, let them all read, and tremble!

For the youth of our nation today don't have to apologize. They stand firm and unafraid, trained and expert in their new jobs. They are the Army; they are the Navy; they are the Marines and the Coast Guard. They are the saviors of our world.

CHEERS OR JEERS?

Interseholastic sports should be thoroughly enjoyable for the spectators. With the football season come many thrills for followers of Boston high school games. It is a time for sportsmanship of the first quality. At Braves Field the boys on the gridiron are true exemplars of that virtue.

In the stands, however, is a "horse of a different color". It was not the fault of Latin School supporters that our team was not cheered as it should have been in our opening game. We were well represented in the number of B.L.S. boys who attended. However, when we entered the park, we noted that all stands were well filled. The other three schools had arrived before us. The result was that we were scattered in all directions. Our cheering was futile; and, after a short time, the efforts of our cheer leaders went unheeded.

Another reason that we were defeated in the "battle of the stands" is probably more important. A disgraceful condition has existed for some years now. Small groups of boys from all schools insist on "booing" and shouting down any attempt at organized cheering. The result is that no team is properly supported, and sportsmanship among Boston school boys simply does not exist. Something should be done about these conditions at once.

NIL SINE LABORE

Each year, at this time, the REGISTER is forced to print an editorial begging for material from the student-body. As a result, there is some increase in the number of articles submitted, but still not so much as there should be. This year the REGISTER does not intend to BEG you to write, but will make you an offer—a gold-plated offer. This offer will not include every one; on the contrary, only those who have enough spirit, perseverance, and pride in their school to make their magazine a leader in its field. Each one of you, from Class Six to One, now has an opportunity to prove that you are “a Latin School boy.” No doubt you have all seen the fellow who does like this and doesn’t like that, and he’s “too busy” to write anything for the REGISTER.

This is your chance to prove your mettle. Make no mistake. Write an article you know we all would like to read. You need not be a Sinclair Lewis. You are not writing to impress your English teacher. You ARE writing for yourself and for us.

WELCOME!

This year, above all, we of the REGISTER staff take pleasure in welcoming Classes VI and IVB. You have taken a very important step in your lives. You have entered the Latin School.

You have the distinction of being the first classes to enter our school since the United States went to war. Although most of our American youth are in these crucial days mechanically-minded, you maintain a desire to pursue a professional career. Many of you do not realize the importance of an education, especially at this time. In no other country in the world would you receive the wonderful training you are to receive here. You should be proud of the fact that you are living in a country where you may receive, without the least degree of discomfort, the three main benefits to mankind: “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” You should feel grateful that you attended the Latin School, for Latin School history is a history of America, and a history of America is a history of democracy.

B. L. S. AND THE WAR

With the opening of classes in September, Latin School began its three hundred eighth year of educating young men. This year the school has taken on a new tone, for the boys in its corridors today will be the men in the trenches tomorrow. Yes, we realize that a war is being fought, a war in which many of us will have an active part. Therefore, we are preparing for it with the same determination and aggressiveness as did the students of twenty-five years ago. This war will not last forever; but it will probably reach the boys of the upper classes. They know this as well as anyone else does. Many are taking special courses in advanced mathematics, meteorology, and the Morse code. Classes I and II will be prepared to do whatever may be asked of them.

But what of the lads of Classes VI, V, or IV? They ask, "What, then, can we do? What is our share in this fight?" Just this: When all this is over and the smoke of battle rises to reveal an overwhelming chaos, THEN will it be your turn. There will be men needed to restore some sense of civilization to peoples staggering from the effects of such a colossal struggle—men with brains and intelligence, men who have been trained to work with the mind rather than with the hands. It will be a big job and will require big men—big in their judgment, big in their sense of justice—big in their love of country. This is the group to which you will belong. You will hold America's future in your hands.

It is with the present, however, that you must now be concerned. The years which you are now living will be the ones which will count in the future. It is up to you to provide yourself with the education which B.L.S. offers, a bulwark against the many forces seeking to undermine the principles of democracy. For everyone, then, this is a most important year.

MORSE CODE AND METEOROLOGY

A few months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the American declaration of war, a new course in Morse code and meteorology was added to the curriculum of the school, and was offered as an elective to those members of Class I desiring to enter some branch of the service upon graduation. Under the capable instruction of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Van Steenberg. The purpose of the course will be to "increase the student's knowledge in the basic fundamentals of the Morse code and of meteorology."

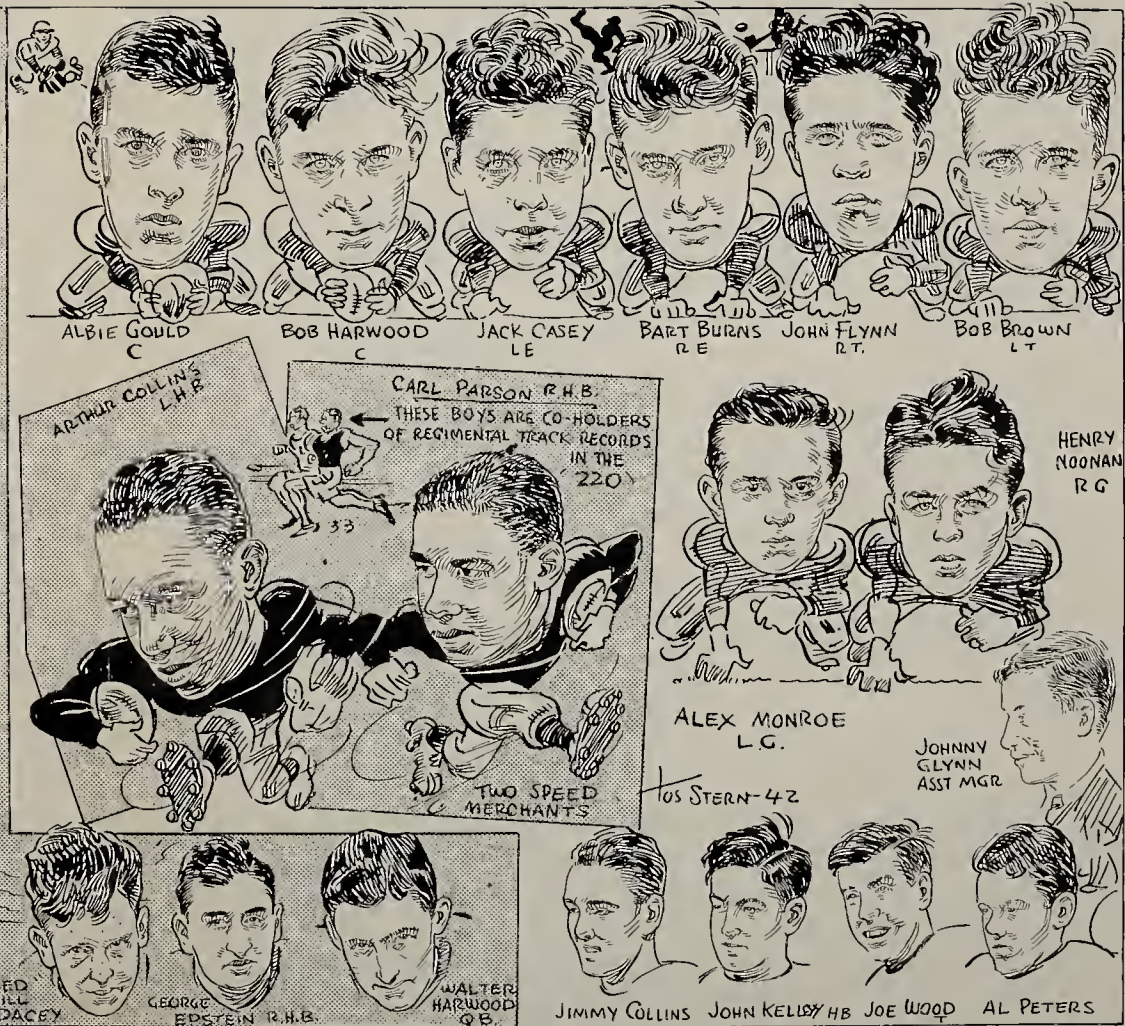
ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART?

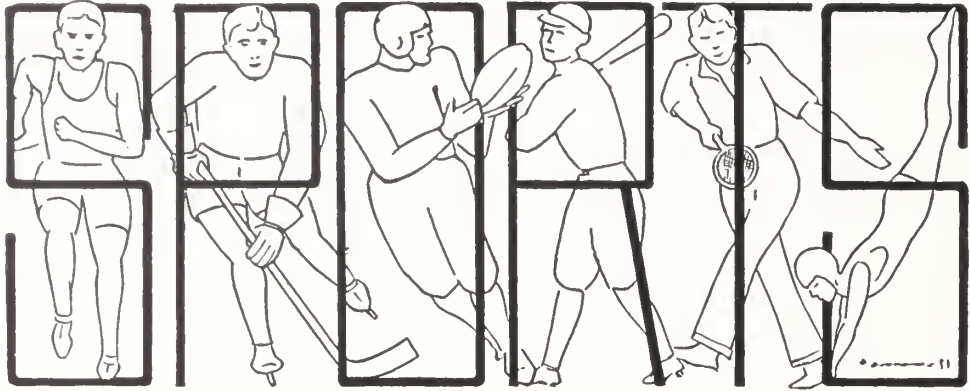
A loaded tanker from Texas headed up the coast north to New England with her highly inflammable cargo of oil. The crew was restless and fidgety. Axis submarines had begun to stalk crafts along the coast. They were looking for just such a prize as this—a 15,000-ton tanker loaded to capacity. The crew and officers were tense. Some were watching valves and gauges below deck; others were leaning over the rail taking advantage of the slight breeze. All were alert.

Suddenly it happened! A torpedo struck the hull plates on the starboard side. The ship belched forth great clouds of oily smoke from her forward tanks. It was impossible to save her. The heat seared the lungs of the men. Then came the order "Abandon ship." Some were saved; but others, overcome by smoke and heat, went down with the ship.

The survivors went back to man another ship. These men risk their lives doing their part. Do your part! Buy war savings stamps and bonds regularly each week.







B. C. H. 7 – B. L. S. 0

OCT. 9, 1942: Under an uncomfortably hot sun, a light but determined Latin School aggregation went down to defeat at the hands of a heavy, powerful B.C.H. team to the tune of 7 to 0. Forced to play a defensive game by the driving B.C.H. line, Latin was in possession of the ball for only a short time, during which "Hawk" Kelly showed exceptional bucking ability. "Hawk" will definitely be a "thorn in the side" of future opponents. "Hank" Noonan, the only regular returning from last year's famed "B.L.S., 19-E.H.S., 0" team, played a bang-up game at guard, crashing through several times to nail B.C. runners behind the line. "Albie" Gould sparked the team to its stubborn defense against the foe.

Noonan, representing Latin, elected to kick. Gould's kick was run back to the B.C. "40". B.C. kicked to Kelly, who ran the ball back to midfield. Kelly carried to the B.C. "32" for a first down. Here the B.C. line held, and Latin was forced to punt. B.C., taking over on their own "20", advanced to the Latin "31" on two passes and three running plays. Here the first period ended.

Coach Fitzgerald placed a new team on the field. A pass, followed by Lynch's

one-yard buck, gave B.C. its score. Carmen converted.

B.C. kicked off, and after an exchange of punts, the half ended with B.C. in possession on their own "18".

B.C. returned the kickoff to their own "32". Lynch broke loose for a 32-yard gallop, only to be pulled down from behind by "Tim" Donovan on the "11". Latin's line tightened, and we took over on downs. Burns punted to his own "32", from where B.C. proceeded to march down the field again. On the Latin "24", Lunch faded back to pass. From out of nowhere "Bart" Burns rushed in and knocked the ball out of Lynch's hands. "Jack" Casey immediately pounced on the loose ball, and once again the B.C. advance was stopped.

In the fourth period, Latin vainly filled the air with passes in a last attempt to pull the game out of the fire. Unfortunately, the game ended, B.C.H.-7, B.L.S.-0.

The line-up: R.e., Burns (Regan); r.t., Flynn (Murphy); r.g., Noonan (Calnan); e., Gould (Peters); l.g., Monroe (Kolovson); l.t., Brown (Murdock); l.e., Casey (Shields); q.b. Kelley (LeVine); r.h.b., Gallagher (Parsons); l.h.b., Collins (Harwood, W.); f.b., Donovan (Dacey).

GAME STATISTICS

	<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>		<i>Total</i>	
	<i>L.</i>	<i>B.C.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>B.C.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>B.C.</i>
Points Scored	0	7	0	0	0	7
First Downs	2	6	0	4	2	10
Gain by Rushing	44	50	0	121	44	171
Loss by Rushing	6	15	0	21	6	36
F.P. Attempted	0	3	6	2	6	5
F.P. Completed	0	3	0	0	0	3
Gain by F.P.	0	41	0	0	0	41
F.P. Intercepted by	0	0	0	1	0	1
Gain by Intercepted F.P.	0	0	0	15	0	15
Number of Punts	3	2	3	2	6	4
Average of Punts	32	31	37	26	35	29
Number of Penalties	0	2	1	1	1	3
Yards Penalized	0	10	5	5	5	15

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

In the locker-room after the game, determination was written across the faces of the players. . . . Watch out, Mamma" Memorial. Every boy should attend every football game. It is a great help to the team to get vocal support from the stands. . . . Coach Fitzgerald stated that he was pleased with the showing made by the boys in the opener and attributed the defeat to the overwhelming size of the B.C. team. . . . This year's team contains many track stars: Carl Parsons, "Art" Collins, "Tim" Donovan, "Bob" LeVine, and "Bart" Burns. We can expect much from these boys. . . . The punting of Bart Burns was exceptionally good. . . . Seen at the game were many former Latin School athletes. Among them were "Vin" Tarushka, "Dick" McDermott, "Johnny" Brosnahan, "Bob" O'Brien, "Eddie" Lee, and Paul Murphy. Also on the field, sparking English to its victory by his brilliant passing was "Pundy" Gill. . . . Two second-stringers who saw much action and will probably see a great deal more are

"Mike" Kolovson and "Wally" Harwood. . . . This year's managerial staff consists of "Bill" Dunn, assisted by "Eddie" Riley, "Austie" Lyne, and "Johnny" Glynn. During time-outs, refreshments are served to the team by "Gil" Phinn. . . . "Artie" Collins was the first casualty of the year. Art suffered a broken nose. . . . Coach Fitzgerald appointed "Hank" Noonan as acting captain for the first team and "Red" Dacey for the second. . . . Latin's passing attack was decidedly weak, with not a single completion in six attempts. . . . For the benefit of those who haven't seen the bulletin board near 120, we print the schedule:

Oct. 9	B. C. H.
Oct. 16	Memorial
Oct. 23	Commerce
Oct. 29	Dorchester
Nov. 6	St. Mark's
Nov. 13	Trade
Nov. 19	M. A. H. S.
Nov. 26	English

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



SEPT. 9: Ye R.R.R. shakes his head, and sheds a tear of pity as he watches unsuspecting youths eagerly awaiting their turn to register for the grueling four and six-year Latin School courses. They are little shavers now, but when they graduate, they'll be big shavers (but literally).

SEPT. 10: First day of school (as if you didn't know!). Pupils look at teachers; teachers look at pupils. Common sentiment: "Aagh!"

SEPT. 11: Mr. Fitzgerald began recruiting football candidates today. After reviewing the prospects, the coach was heard to remark sadly: "I didn't realize the draft had hit us."

SEPT. 14: Sorrow, dismay, anguish. Mr. J. J. Quinn, of the famous Chelsea clan, announced that no more stargazing or mouth-gaping in the direction of a neighboring institution would be tolerated. And sir, I've already bought my binoculars!

SEPT. 15: Most heartening news to date is that the Music Appreciation Club is contemplating (prepare yourselves for the shock) a meeting to which the students of the Girls' Latin School will be most cordially invited. See you there!

SEPT. 16: Went out to Draper Field this *après-midi* to a meeting of the "Mangle and Massacre 'Em" Club. I was too late. All the waterboy vacancies had been filled.

SEPT. 17: Assignment of companies in Drill Hall. Colonel Penney told me that since he was so terribly, terribly in need of a seasoned ninth sergeant, my acceptance of this most vital post would be appreciated. Or in the Colonel's exact words, "Get in there, chowder-head!"

SEPT. 18: Bulletin: When in the Chow Center, sidddown while you munch your lunch! The tables are not to be used as soap-boxes by Class I candidates for offices.

SEPT. 21: Cheers could be heard from all boys who work after school when they were informed that they would be dismissed from school at 2:45. Don't you wish you had a job?

SEPT. 22: First lesson in the Morse Code for your daily snoop. Perhaps this may explain to many why such great numbers of Seniors are roaming the corridors, mumbling something like "di da da dit di da". Keep cool! They're perfectly harmless!

SEPT. 23: Oh, you kid! A certain teacher of a certain required subject in Class I is in the proverbial doghouse. For some time he has been casting gentle innuendoes to the effect that the rubber casters on his swivel chair were rapidly disintegrating, and since the occupant of Room 111 really didn't need his . . . well? Someone took him at his word! Ha!

SEPT. 24: After ten years in B.L.S. I at last enjoy a distinction! I have just shook the hand that shook the hand of a Senior who's NOT running for office!

SEPT. 25: *Food for thought*: Why is it that whoever picks the time for the

practice air-raid drill consistently chooses the study period just before a twenty-point test? Hm?

SEPT. 28: The Debating Club began its seasonal activities today while the candidates for the REGISTER staff went back into a huddle and came out with their assignments.

SEPT. 29: There is a rumor that several of the Class I sergeants and lieutenants are giving up these commissions to become captains in Mr. McGuffin's Militia, which in the lunchroom manoeuvres midst moronic meat-munchers.

OCT. 1: In History class: Mr. Godfrey: Who was the losing general at Brooklyn Heights? An anonymous one (who is still healthy because of it): Leo Durocher.

OCT. 2: An alumnus recently remarked that Latin School graduates wear a hunted look. This, of course, can be ascribed to the fact that as students they were constantly dodging REGISTER agents.

OCT. 5: Election hatreds grow more and pronounced, as the bodies of nine prospective candidates are discovered in lockers. Death in some cases was due to knife wounds; in other cases, to a solution of mercuric iodacetate. (We don't know what it is, either).

OCT. 6: Ye R.R.R. has another headache. News has just been received that there

is to be an English C.E.E.B. exam this year. "Hey, Joe, what's a romantic novel?"

OCT. 7: Overheard in Class IV Latin class: *Master*: "What's the word in Latin for "hardly", Peters?" *Pupil (bewildered)*: "I don't know, sir." *Master (hinting)*: Oh, come, now! What do you rub on your chest when you have a cold?" *Pupil (suddenly beaming)*: Wick's Waporub, sir!" (*No, no; put that gun down, Mr. Marson!*)

OCT. 8: A plea was issued today for more bass voices for the Glee Club. An applicant for one of these positions may leave his voice with Mr. Burke at the beginning of the home-room period and call for it on the way home.

OCT. 9: The Latin School football team played its first game of the 1942 season today with Boston College High furnishing the opposition. See the Sports Section of this paper for the result. (*Advt.*)

OCT. 12: If only more days could be like this one: *Columbus Day—No school, no homelessons, and no worries!!!!*

OCT. 13: Hold that elevator, boy! Can't keep the man with the smiling face and ready black-jack waiting. Or didn't you know Mr. Marson's method of dealing with frustrated Neal O'Haras? Your for bigger and better key-holes!

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ALUMNI NOTES

GRIDIRON SCRAPINGS—Wherever you go in New England, you will find ex-Latin School football stars continuing on from where they left off during their days at B. L. S. At Harvard College, Charlie Gudaitis, '41, although only a sophomore, has beaten out all opposition for the left guard position on the Harvard eleven. "Dick" Harlow claims that Charlie is one of the greatest sophomore finds of the past few years. . . . For the second year in a row, the Crusaders of Holy Cross boast the services of "Wally" Hoar, '40. At the Latin School, he is remembered as an all-scholastic tackle on the B. L. S. eleven of 1939. He also was President of the senior class. . . . North-eastern University has two of our boys in its starting lineup. "Ted" Krajewski, '38, plays the left tackle position for his second straight year, while Larry Redgate, '41, is fighting for the pivot position. . . . A boy who is obtaining all the honor and acclaim of the students and faculty of Rutgers University, is Ernest J. Nedvins, '40, the former all-scholastic star of Boston Latin School. During a torrid intra-squad scrimmage in the second week of practice, he received a painful shoulder injury that put him out of action for three weeks. But no injury could stop Nedvins. As soon as the tape was removed from his shoulder, Ernie was back there fighting for "dear old Rutgers." Last year Nedvins received his letter in baseball, football, and hockey. "Ernie" was one of the most popular boys ever to have graduated from B. L. S., being both a two-letter man and vice-president of the senior class. . . . Not to be forgotten is Joe Crowley, '38, who is the veteran end of the crack Dartmouth eleven.

SERVICE STARS—For the seventh time in the history of our country, boys of

our school are rallying to the colors to preserve the freedoms that we have enjoyed for more than 166 years. From the Revolutionary War down to World War II, alumni of the Boston Latin School have proved their worth when their country needed them most. This war is no exception.

The following is a partial list of Latin School boys who have offered their services for our country:

Commander John B. Barrett, '06, U. S. Navy, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Colonel J. J. O'Hare, '12, U. S. Army.

Lt. Colonel J. L. Ames, Jr., '12, First Army, N. Y.

Lieutenant Gordon B. Hebb, '12, U. S. Navy, First Naval District.

Captain Trevor W. Swett, '11, U. S. Army.

Captain John I. Fitzgerald, '13, U. S. Marines.

Captain John Gately, '37, U. S. Marines, credited in a recent dispatch from the Solomon Islands, with killing the first Jap, and with being the first Marine officer casualty in the battle for the base at Guadalcanal.

Lieutenant (SG) Louis Benjamin, '25, U. S. Naval Medical Corps, Newport, R. I.

Lt. Colonel Daniel J. Hurley, '01, U. S. Army Medical Corps, Fort McKinley, Portland, Me.

Lieutenant Arthur L. Norton, '22, U. S. Army Medical Corps.

Captain William L. Moriarty, '22, U. S. Army Medical.

Edward Wall, '36, flying cadet, Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Lieutenant Nicholas J. Khoury, '42, U. S. Army Air Force, youngest man to have reached that office in the service.

Louis Francis Alfant, '39, Ensign, U. S. N. R.

Sergeant Sumner Rodman, '31, U. S. Army, Field Artillery Officers Candidate School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Private First Class John Francis Simpson, Jr., '38, U. S. Marines.

Lieutenants Robert Knueklin, '38, and John T. O'Connor, '38, U. S. Army stationed somewhere in England.

It is with much sadness that we announce the death of the first Latin School boy to have been killed in action. He is Thomas J. Madden, '33, who was killed on July 24, 1942.

ODDS AND ENDS DEPARTMENT—Two former B. L. S. students have recently been enrolled as midshipmen in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The fortunate lads are Stephen W. Rowen, '41, and Albert J. Kelley, '42. Rowen, a former student at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is the only four-letter-in-one-year man in recent Latin School history. Kelley was co-captain of last year's B. L. S. eleven and colonel of the Public Latin School cadets. At graduation exercises, he was awarded the Patrick T. Campbell Scholarship for loyalty, scholarship, athletics, manliness, and influence for good. He also won a scholarship to Dartmouth College. . . . Wesley Fuller, '29, a member of the staff of the "Boston Herald" for the past nine years, has been appointed Director of Publicity for the Metropolitan Chapter

of the Red Cross. Fuller, a graduate of Harvard, is remembered here as an excellent student and editor of the REGISTER. . . . At a recent special election, Isadore H. Y. Muchnick, '24, was elected to fill a vacated seat in the Boston City Council. Muchnick is one of the very few boys in B. L. S. history who completed the six-year course in five years. . . . Thomas Higgins, '38, was made Battalion Commander at Annapolis, as of March, 1942. . . . On the home front, William L. Langer, '12, was appointed to the Board of Analysts, Office of Coordinator of Information, as Director of Research. . . . At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, John F. Tyrell, '39, has been appointed General Manager of the undergraduate newspaper and junior member of the Election Committee. . . . According to a recent Dean's List, issued from Yale University, the following boys were cited for scholastic achievements: Richard L. Myerson, '38; Frank N. Flasehner, '39; Earle Kaufman, '39; Bertram Winer, '39. . . . In the position of assistant manager of the "Colby Echo," we find Lawrence S. Kaplan, '41. . . . Leonard Bernstein, '35, young conductor-composer-pianist, conducted the Boston premiere performance of Aaron Copland's "The Second Hurricane." Last summer he acted as Serge Koussevitzky's assistant at the famous Tanglewood school.

MEMORABILIA

In 1888, Prize Declamation was held at Tremont Temple. Invitations were sent out, and tickets were needed for entrance. . . . Leave it to Latin School to be first. 1888 saw the first game of the series between Latin and English. Latin took the game by the staggering score of thirty-eight to nothing. . . . During the years that Mr. Gould was head-

master, a boy wasn't admitted to the school if he came late to class, and he was forced to bring a note for absence the next day. . . . Both the founder, Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, and the second-in-command, Mr. Arthur Fiedler, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are alumni of this school. . . . One Richard Hall of the West Indies went to Boston Public

Latin in 1718, and paid for his tuition with twenty-five pounds of cocoa. . . . One ninth of the signers of the Declaration of Independence come from this school. . . . Against orders from the A. S. P. C. A. the following item is printed: Part of the funds for the School Committee is derived from dog licenses. . . . The boys on the *Register* shouldn't complain about overwork: Way back in 1844, every copy of the *Latin School Gazette*, which came out every week for the paltry sum of three cents a month, had to be written by hand. . . . In 1811, Latin School was the scene of a rebellion against the Master. This poor soul tried to bring needed reforms into the school. Their pockets full of stones, the boys used to enter the class, intending to "bean" the teacher. The room looked as

full of stones as Winthrop Beach. Some bigger boys brought pop-guns and shot at the hapless man. Finally, the biggest boy of the class challenged him to a fight; but the pugnacious lad was beaten soundly. At the close of the year the master resigned. . . . Mechanics Hall was for a long time the scene of our Prize Drill. Included in the program were "Sword Exercises" and "Bayonet Exercises" by the whole regiment. . . . About forty years ago, Latin had a crew, which vanquished most of its opponents. . . . Edward Everett Hale, son of Nathan Hale, and author of "The Man Without a Country" is numbered among our alumni. . . . If you don't buy War Stamps now, the name of the average American will be changed from John Doe to N. O. Dough.

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CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

(Continued from Page 4)

II

That was all. It was getting dark, I was growing cold. In bed I thought of André-Louis, alone, trying so hard to fight, not understanding. So fine, so sure . . . perhaps it was best that he fought the good fight then, when all Frenchmen were to do the same.

In the morning I was off. The short trip to Saint-Perricux, then on by the dusty roads; and finally, at dusk, I was in Guignen. There I met Jacques. I was in for a shock.

We talked of André—vaguely at first, neither of us wanting to speak of it at all. Jacques kept his eyes on the ground. That was strange . . . I began to understand. . . .

Jacques is strong. I knew I could expect no sniveling from *him*, only a fiery eye and a tight fist. I did not see that. I saw a wistful smile, a resigned shake of the head. I knew that Raoul, in his zeal to tell a good story, had not spoken the truth.

"Tell me, Jacques," I said; "tell me the story. I have not yet heard the facts."

Jacques was reluctant. "I am not sure that I heard aright. It seems so strange . . . and yet it must be true." Jacques, too, liked to tell stories. But I could believe *him*.

"It all started, you know, when André-Louis had his fête on Monday last. Papa Philippe announced that le petit would take the farm's best crops to the great fair at Nantes. We are cheered . . . we should have wept.

"André left the next day. It is a hard journey, and long. I would never have allowed my son to do it (Jacques and Philippe had never been close friends. . . . I have even heard people say that Jacques had loved Marie. Perhaps so; he certainly had loved André-Louis). He was very tired when he came to the crossroads near Guichen. He must have

forgotten the way, and he was too impetuous to stop and wait. You see . . . (Jacques paused. He was in pain) . . . he took the road straight up."

I gasped. Here was the crux of the matter. I understood now.

"But that is not all. You see, he might easily not have died—so easily. Not one hundred yards from the crossroads he met a young farm girl. He took her on his wagon for a mile or so. When she was getting off, he asked her if he had taken the right road—the road that would lead him to Nantes. There could have been no mistake. The girl knew the road to Nantes—the city was scarcely five miles off. She knew, too, where the road that André had taken would lead. And yet she told him to go on. You know," Jacques was whispering now; "you know, Timothée, I heard tell that the girl later said . . . that she said she thought André-Louis was so tall and fine that she wished to see him again, and she planned to wait until he turned around and came back after he saw where the road led."

Jacques sighed. "She must have been a pretty thing. I will wager André was in a reverie thinking of her. Well, it doesn't matter what he was thinking of . . . he didn't see where the road led . . . he sped around the bend and . . . fell right in."

Jacques didn't say anything for a moment. Then, softly: "I suppose the stone was right. After all, it was her fault . . . il est mort en aidant une petite."

III

We parted. This was worse still. André-Louis dead because some coquette of a girl thought him fine and tall? Somehow that did not seem right. It jarred in my mind.

I never did quite believe what Jacques had told me . . . perhaps it was just a little different, somewhere . . .

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There is a little town hardly an hour's ride from Guignen. It is so small that it has no name. On the street—the only street—I met Pierre. He was busy; he was hurrying. I stopped him and asked if he had heard of André-Louis' death. He said that he had. I pleaded that he tell me quickly, in a moment's time, how it had come about. He spoke rapidly:

"On Monday, at André's fête, Philippe announced that as a gift the bay would be allowed to carry the best crops to the great fair at Nantes. André-Louis left early the next day.

"It is a very long journey. I understand that he was at the Guichen cross-roads as twilight fell. From there, by the left road, it is hardly five miles to Nantes, and he must have approached the city towards seven o'clock.

"The Davies have kinfolk in Nantes, and since André-Louis had never been there before, his little cousin Ninette was sent to meet him on the road. Well, the little one had been waiting for several hours, for she did not mean to miss him. It was a very hot day, you know, and I suppose she must have already eaten the little lunch she brought along. So she went into a confectionery store by the way for just a moment to buy a piece of molasses. The child probably had a hard time choosing (as children sometimes do), because she was still inside when André finally appeared and reined up his horses.

"He looked about for Ninette. He could not find her. He became anxious, and got down from the wagon. It was becoming dark; he thought that perhaps she was somewhere about and had not seen him arrive. He called out.

"Ninette heard him. She became excited and ran out of the store, crying, 'André-Louis, where are you? André, André . . . ?'

"The little one did not look where she was running. It was rather dark, and

she fell, hurting herself. She began to weep, calling for her cousin to help her.

"André lost his head. He dashed across the road to Ninette without looking. He never got to her . . .

"André-Louis ran in front of a truck that had no lights. He was killed."

Pierre looked up at me. He saw the pain in my eyes, and muttered: "Well, he died at once. He did not suffer . . ."

He was finished. He started off, turned about after a few steps and called back: "I am not sure at all of the details, Timothée. But it must be true . . . you know what it said on the stone . . . il est mort en aidant une petite . . ."

IV

I was confused. No one seemed to know exactly how André had met his death. It was clear that a girl had had something to do with it . . . a little girl, an innocent girl.

I wondered how Ninette had felt, if what Pierre had told me was the truth. . . . I wondered what the farm girl had done when she heard the crash of the shattered wagon, if what Jacques had spoken was the truth. . . . I wondered at the pain in the beggar girl's heart when she saw Andre crumble to the ground, if Raoul's tale was the truth . . .

I could not bear the uncertainty. I was to leave France very soon, and was not sure that I should ever return.

I set out for the Davies' farm.

Two days later I was tying my horse to the post that had a tiny tricolor flying from it. I brushed my jacket clean, dusted my cap . . . and walked in. I whistled a few bars of *La Marseillaise* as I walked slowly up the path.

Philippe was sitting on the porch with Marie. He was smoking his pipe . . . the pipe I had given him, once upon a time. Nothing had changed.

They were both there, smiling as I climbed the steps.

"Hello, Marie; hello, Philippe."

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They laughed as they shook my hand. Marie was sweet. "We knew you would come, mon chéri."

I had intended to say: "Well, how are you, Philippe? And you, Marie? Does little Jérôme ride passably yet?" Then I realized how gauche it would sound. I said nothing.

Inside, Marie poured me tea. We talked for nearly an hour of old times. I felt that their very casualness was unnatural. They seemed happy enough, I thought, watching Marie's eyes shine when Philippe and I laughed over the stratagem we used to meet her for the first time. Softly, she said, her eyes far off, "You are not so clever as you think, my wise ones. The stratagem was really mine." We laughed.

At last I could be jolly no more. Marie sensed it and quietly left the room. I was alone with Philippe.

After a moment's pause, I said: "I have heard of André-Louis' misfortune. I could not leave without first knowing . . . how. You must tell me, Philippe. I loved him."

Philippe was quiet for a moment. Everything was quiet. In all my life I have never lived through a moment as quiet as that. Then, from the next room, I heard Marie sobbing. But Philippe's face was stern . . . stern and proud.

He did not answer my question.

"I am afraid there will be war, Timothy."

"Yes, Philippe. The man of Berehtesgarden has willed it."

"I understand you are leaving soon."

"Yes, Philippe. I must be in England when the blow falls."

"Then you can keep a secret, Timothy."

"Always, Philippe."

A pause. Philippe's face was of iron. Then he bent forward. His lips scarcely moved.

"Very well. André is not dead."

I was frozen. I did not move. I could not move.

Philippe rose. I rose. Marie entered from the next room. She kissed me: she was weeping. I did not understand why she wept; I did not understand why I wept. Philippe alone did not talk.

At the door Philippe and I were by ourselves for a moment. "Il est mort en aidant une petite," he said; then he chuckled. It was the most delightful chuckle I have ever heard.

Somehow, somewhere, before I left France, I learned that André-Louis had gone into Germany as a spy.

V

A few days ago, in London, I met Philippe. He was in the uniform of the Free French. We talked over a beer.

Somehow he knew that I had learned the rest about André.

"You know, Timothy," he began, "I used to have a son. His name was André-Louis. He is dead now."

"Yes, Philippe, I know."

There was the ghost of a smile about his lips—not at all the smile of a man who has lost his son.

Philippe went on.

"You know, Timothy," he began, "I a man named Heydich. He was a bad man. He killed so many people that they called him The Hangman."

Philippe was gazing down into his beer as if he saw in it the key to life's mystery.

Suddenly he looked up.

"You know, Timothy, he is dead now, too."

Then Philippe winked, long and silently. Philippe has the most profound wink I have ever seen.

* * *

Outside an owl hooted. The light waned and flickered. Pipe smoke hung motionless and thinning.

"The French," Tim ventured, "are funny that way."

DANIEL RUDMAN, '43

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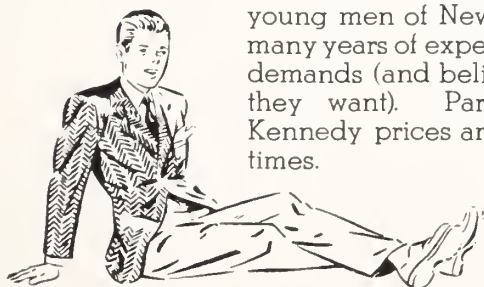
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